

SONG OF THE BURDEN BEARER.

Over the narrow footpath
That led from my lowly door
I went with a thought of the Master.
As oft I had walked before.
My heart was heavily laden,
And with tears my eyes were dim.
But I knew I should lose the burden
Could I get a glimpse of him.

Over the trodden pathway.
To the fields all shorn and bare.
I went with a step that faltered
And a face that told of care.
I had lost the light of the morning.
With its shimmer of sun and dew.
But a gracious look of the Master
Would the strength of morn renew.

While yet my courage wavered
And the sky before me blurred
I heard a voice behind me
Saying a tender word.
And I turned to see the brightness
Of heaven upon the road
And suddenly lost the pressure
Of the weary, crushing load.

Nothing that hour was altered—
I had still the weight of care—
But I bore it now with gladness
Which comes of answered prayer.
Not a grief the soul can fether
Nor cloud its vision when
The dear Lord gives the spirit
To breathe to His will amen.

CHRISTIAN COURTESY.

Christian courtesy demands and requires cultivation like other Christian graces, says a writer to the "Standard." It seems to be born in some, and bred in others; but many must acquire the habit of thoughtfulness in trifles by persistent effort. Because one does not come naturally by an easy manner and unconscious grace, is no reason why he should despair of becoming a truly courteous person. No code of rules will help him, except as they will show roughly what is usually regarded as unselfish and kindly behaviour. Some of the customs which seem to lack significance may not always be lightly disregarded, for one is not usually in a position to explain why he fails to conform to the prevailing mode, and is likely to be misunderstood. But the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians is a manual of etiquette that never grows obsolete. Read in the light of those glowing sentences, conduct is seen to be more than half of life, manners are dignified, love shines through little things and lifts them to its own high level, as "the greatest thing in the world."

"MISSIN' THE SWEETNESS."

"Ignorance of things generally prevents us from enjoyin' a dreadful lot of happiness in this life," said Aaron Linscott to the minister one day.

He was given to this form of discourse with the clergyman, doubtless on the same principle that led him to talk sickness with the doctor, and crops with his neighbours.

"You git a ter'ble blind view of life an' the way things is runnin' if you don't edicate yourself up to knowin' a blessing when you see it. When I see folks throwin' their blessin's away, it allers makes me think of a barr'l of cranb'ries."

"A barrel of cranberries?"

If the visitor felt small interest before, he certainly lacked none now.

"Yis, a barr'l of cranb'ries," said Aaron. "When I was out in the West Ihjies there was a man tuk keer of me when I was sick, an' he wouldn't take pay, but said I could

send him somethin' off the farm; so when I got home I shipped him a barr'l of cranb'ries by a vessel that was goin' out from our place."

"Well, after a time a letter kem back. He writ very perlitte and seemed grateful, but he said, most unfort'nate, that the fruit looked purty, but he had to throw it away, for in comin' it hed turned sour."

"That's what I call missin' the sweetness of things, 'cause you don't know how to git at it."—Parish Visitor.

LITTLE DUTIES.

Under this head we would wish to enforce, not merely the doing of little duties, but the doing of these little things as duties, for many of them are irksome and seem trilling, and therefore require all the more that they be performed under a sense of duty. It does, indeed, require no small share of energy to perform little duties regularly; they seem so small that we think omitting them this once can signify little; it seems hardly worth while to summon up our energy for such a trifle, and so by degrees self-indulgence prevails, and when once little duties are neglected discomfort and discontent invariably follow. The acquiring habits of method, order, and punctuality can scarcely be classed among little duties, for these habits are required on every occasion of life—the great and important as well as the small and insignificant. Much of the irksomeness and worry sometimes attendant on "little duties" would be lessened or removed were they performed punctually and methodically, all things kept in their proper place, and all things done at the proper time.

HYPOCRISY.

One test of being like or unlike the Pharisees is hypocrisy. Our Lord warns us against hypocrisy in three respects—in doing our alms, in praying, and in fasting. (1) Doubtless much of our charity must be public, but as much of our charity also private? Is it as much private as public? (2) Are we as regular in praying in our closet to our Father, which is in secret, as in public? (3) We have dropped the show of fasting, which it so happens the world at the present day derides. Are we quite sure that if fasting were in honour, we should not begin to hold fasts as the Pharisees? Thus we seek the praise of men. We see, then, how seasonable is our Lord's warning to us, His disciples, first of all to beware of the leaven of the Pharisees, which is hypocrisy—professing without practising. He warns us against it as leaven, as a subtle, insinuating evil which will silently spread itself through the whole character, if we suffer it. He warns us that the pretence of religion never deceives beyond a little time, and that sooner or later, "whatsoever we have spoken in darkness shall be heard in the light, and that which we have spoken in the ear in closets shall be proclaimed upon the housetops."

THE CHRISTIAN'S CROSS.

Not infrequently are Christians heard to speak of duties as crosses to be borne; and I am convinced that some among them regard their performance as a complete compliance with the law of self-denial. It is a cross to pray, to speak, to commend Christ to others, to attend church, to frequent the social meetings, and, indeed, to do anything of a distinctly religious nature. By the force of their will and with the aid of sundry admonitions they bring themselves up to the discharge of those obligations, but on the whole they feel that it should entitle them to a place in "the noble army of martyrs." I am sorry to dissipate the comfortable illusion; but I am compelled to assure them that they totally misapprehend the doctrine of our Lord. He said that it was His meat and drink to do the will

of His Father; and He never once refers to duty in any other way than as a delight. The cross was something distinct from it.

BLESSED ARE THE PEACEMAKERS.

There are causes enough to separate people and to produce friction and alienations. Let us not add to the world's bitterness and grief by ever encouraging strife or putting a single coal on the fire of anger. Rather let us try to heal the little rifts we find in people's friendships. The unkind thoughts of another we find in anyone's mind, let us seek to change to kindly thoughts. We can do no more Christlike service in this world than habitually and continually to seek to promote peace between man and man, to keep people from drifting apart, and to draw friends and neighbours closer together in love.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

Ragout Pickle.—One gallon of tomatoes, one gallon of cabbage, one quart of onions, one pound of sugar, one teaspoonful of mace, one teaspoonful of celery seed. Cut the vegetables very fine, cover with vinegar and let come to a boil.

Sweet Tomato Pickle.—Two pounds of tomatoes, one pound of sugar, one pint of vinegar; mace, cloves and cinnamon. Boil medium-sized green tomatoes in ginger tea till the green taste is gone. Use proportions given above and boil ingredients five minutes.

English Biscuit.—One and a half pint flour, one cup corn starch, three tablespoons of sugar, teaspoon of salt, two heaping teaspoonfuls baking powder, two tablespoons lard, one egg, one and a half pint sweet milk. Roll half an inch thick, rub over with milk, lay on buttered tins and bake.

Citron Cake.—Stir three cups of sugar and one cup of butter to a cream, four cups of flour well mixed, dry, with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder; one cup of milk, five eggs, yolks and whites beaten separately; one-half pound citron finely cut, sliced and floured; mix all well together and bake.

Hickory-Nut Cake.—Two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, stir to a cream; whites of six eggs beaten stiff, one-fourth cup of milk, three cups of flour, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, one coffee-cup of nut-meats; bake in a loaf.

Pumpkin Pie.—Pare nice, ripe pumpkin, slice into small pieces, boil or stew them with water enough to prevent burning; when quite tender, rub the pulp through a colander; to one pint, add one pint of cream or milk, two eggs, one cup of sugar and one teaspoonful each of nutmeg and ginger; bake with one under crust.

Banana Pie.—Choose yellow bananas not quite ripe. Cut in quarter-inch slices. Mix one-fourth cup of sugar, one saltspoonful of salt, and one tablespoonful of lemon juice, and spread half of it on the crust. Dot with a teaspoonful of butter, then put in a layer of bananas, then sugar and another layer. Cover with a rich crust and bake quickly.

Apple Marmalade.—Pare and cut the apples into small pieces; weigh and put them into a pan, adding half a pound of sugar for each pound of apples; add a stick of cinnamon and the juice of a lemon; place on a brisk fire; when the apples are reduced to a pulp, stir the mixture till of a proper consistence, and set aside to cool.

—One great characteristic of holiness is never to be exacting, never to complain. Each complaint drags us down a degree in our upward course. If you would discern in whom God's spirit dwells watch that person and notice whether you ever hear him murmur.